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GRAFTED INTO THE ARMY.

Sung by WALTER BRAY, TALBOT, &c.

Our Jimmy has gone for to live in a tent,

They have grafted him into the army ;

He finally puckered up courage and went,

When they grafted him into the army.

I told them the child was too young, alas !

At the captain's forequarters they said he would pass,

They'd train him up well in the infantry class,

So they grafted him into the army.

CHORUS—Oh, Jimmy, farewell ! your brother's fell,

'Way down in Alabamy ;

I thought they would spare a lone widder's heir,

But they grafted him into the army.

Drest up in his unicorn, dear little chap,

They have grafted him into the army ;

It seems but a day sinee he sot in my lap,

But they grafted him into the army.

And these are the troussies he used to wear,

Them very same buttons, the patch, and the tear,

But Uncle Sam gave him a bran new pair,

When they grafted him into the army.

Now in my provisions I see him revealed,

They have grafted him into the army ;

A picket beside the contented field,

They have grafted him into the army.

He looks kinder sickish—begins to ery,

A big volunteer standing right in his eye

Oh, what if the ducky should up and die,

Now they've grafted him into the army.

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